

Light

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Summary: L X Light slash, yaoi. Set after Light got his memories back. Another sleepless night at the HQ.

Light

Another sleepless night at the HQ. The floor was silent. A few doors down from Light was the room he had shared with Ryuzaki when they'd been cuffed, who would doubtless be awake and thinking. Maybe not working, though. He'd seemed a little€|lost over the past few days. Like he knew his days were numbered. Although Light couldn't get used to the concept of killing Ryuzaki any more than killing himself.

Ryuk had left him, for once. Normally he'd use the rare privacy to jerk off. He did try, briefly, but thoughts of Ryuzaki kept intruding until he couldn't stand it anymore and threw the covers aside. He hadn't realised how hot he was until the cold air of the corridor hit him.

Ryuzaki's room was silent, but Light knew better. He gave a cursory knock and opened the door without waiting. As he expected, Ryuzaki was crouched in a corner of his bed, as far from sleeping as Light. He looked at Light with dull surprise in the faint lamp light. A few manila folders lay around him, untouched.

Light closed the door behind him and came forward, clambering onto the bed and shoving the folders aside. If Ryuzaki had any inkling of what he was about to do, he made no move to stop him.

Light curled one hand around L's knee, the other around his neck, and gave him one of the clumsiest kisses of his life. For a moment, it seemed like Ryuzaki wouldn't react, but then Light felt a little give in his knee, and then his neck, and then they were lying down.

It took them a lot of fumbling in the near dark. Most of the folders

fell to the floor. Ryuzaki kept tensing and Light kept thinking he would push him off, until hands were pulling his hair and heels digging in the small of his back as he whimpered, "There. Please. There."

Light had to bite whatever expanse of Ryuzaki's skin was available to keep from crying out, while Ryuzaki clawed his back and shoulders and damn near pulled his hair out. When they were done, it was still hardly enough, and he took Ryuzaki in his mouth and brought him off twice.

The birds had begun to sing, as shrill as any alarm. Light thought his eyes had adjusted to the dim lamp light, but he was now realising it was actually that the sun had risen.

Ryuzaki had kept his eyes closed the whole time, like he was concentrating, or like he couldn't bear to open them, and when they were done, his hands and head fell away before Light had hardly finished coming down. Light dropped his head on Ryuzaki's chest, too tired to keep picking up Ryuzaki's hand and putting them back on him. Ryuzaki let him lie there, but he didn't touch him again.

End
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